

# Gabby Hayes

## Western

STARTING MONDAY

10P

EST. 1992



GABBY HAYES VERSUS BEARDEE BEN  
[THE BITING BANGIT]



(GRRR)  
WHIST DID  
YUH SAY,  
LOCO  
LEW?

I SAID YUH BAT  
LIKE A PIG! YO'RE  
NOT SUPPOSED  
TUH DRINK YO'RE  
SOUP FROM THE  
PLATE! YUH SHOULD  
USE A SPOON!

AW, IT TAKES  
TUH LONG THET  
WAY!

WHY I HON  
YIM'D LARN  
BETTER MANNERS!  
YUH SPOIL MY  
APPETITE!

HYAR GREEN PEAS  
SHORE LOOK GOOD!

HEN? YUH WUZ JEST TALKING 'BOUT  
MANNERS, LOCO! WHUT'S THE IDEA  
OF EATING YO'RE PEAS WITH A  
KNIFE?

WHY  
SHOULDN'T  
I---

--- MY FORK LEAKS!

# GABBY HAYES WESTERN

Executive Editor  
WILL LIEBERSON

Editor  
H. M. SWILL

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified  
on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • WHITE COMICS • CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • WESTERN HERO  
DIZZY AND BARK • THE MARVEL FAMILY • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALL WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY  
FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines  
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

*W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President*



GABBY HAYES WESTERN, Nov. 1949, Vol. 2, No. 12, is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Entered as second class matter, April 18, 1948, at the post office, Greenwich, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Buffalo, N. Y., Copyright 1949 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Trademark of Fawcett Publications, Inc. Editorial and advertising offices, 60 West 44th St., N. Y. 36, N. Y. Send communications and letters concerning subscriptions, change of address, etc., to Circulation Dept., Fawcett P., Greenwich, Conn. Subscription rate 12 issues for \$1.35 in U. S., possessions and Canada. Foreign, \$5.70 in international money order, U. S. funds.





LISTEN TO WHAT THIS NOTE SAYS! "THANKS FOR THE SOAP, COULDN'T READ TO MAKE YOU UP - SIGNED, 'SOAPY KAKE'!"



MUH! WASSAT?



SKEDADDLE, YOU OLD REPRISATE! GET BACK THAT SOAP OR THIS IS THE LAST PIE OF MINE YOU'LL EVER HAVE!

WEP!



RAW RAW! NEXT TIME YUH ASK HETTER FEA NITTLES IT'LL BE NO SOAP! EHN EHN!

SHUT UP!



DOWNBURN IT! HE MADE ME LOOK LIKE AN IDJIT!

SLOW, I ASK TO GIT THAT SOAP BACK - AND SOAPY, TOO! I'M HUMILIATED!





LOOK...

FIRST, I'LL MAKE  
A BATCH OF SOAP,  
BRING IYS, ASHES,  
AND DEAR OILS...  
REAL STRONG!



GABBY'S SPECIAL PROCESS  
PRODUCES SOAP--AT LEAST IT  
LOOKS LIKE SOAP!

NOW I'LL WEAP  
IT REAL FURTY,  
AND LOAD THE  
WAGON!

WHAT'S  
YOUR  
IDEA,  
GABBY?



I'M GONNA USE  
GABBY'S WEAPON  
FOR SOAP! WHEN I  
RIDE THE WAGON  
IN THE END HE'LL  
COME FOR IT!

RIGHT! RIGHT,  
ON! BUT YOUR WAIT  
HERE A SPELL, I'VE  
GOT SOMETHING IN  
MIND OFFER TO  
GIVE YOU!



SHERIFF SLIM RETURNS WITHIN  
A FEW MINUTES!

SINCE YOU'RE TOO  
STUBBORN TO LET  
ME COME WITH  
YOU, YOU GOTTA  
TAKE HOMER!

WHAT  
FOR?  
ISN'T HE  
FROM ZEEKE  
HOMER'S  
CLE  
RANCH?



YEP! A GENUINE  
HOMER! I GOT HIM  
WHEN ZEEKE SOLD  
OUT! IF YOU GOT  
IN TROUBLE, HOMER  
WILL BRING  
ME YOUR  
MESSAGE!

WELL,  
I'LL TRY  
IT! HE  
LOOKS KIND  
OF  
SUSPICIOUS  
TO ME!



IT'S HOMER TUCKED AWAY, GABBY RIDES  
OUT ON THE WAGON, TRYING TO LOOK  
SCARY TO HIM...

THE VARMINT MAY  
BE HOLED UP, BUT I'LL  
MEANT HE'LL TAKE  
ME TO HIS  
HIDE-OUT!



SOME OF GABBY'S GANG  
SPOT GABBY!

REACH,  
STRANGER!

HOLD YOUR  
HOGGIES,  
SONNY!



TAKE ME TO YOUR BOSS!  
HE'LL SHORE WANT A  
PERSONAL DEMONSTRATION  
OF THE BEST BLAMPO SOAP  
THAT IS IN THIS  
COUNTRY!



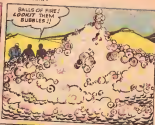
UNFORTUNATELY, THE HOWLING PIGEON RETURNS TO THE OLD ZEEK HOWDY RANCH—WHICH IS NOW DESERTED!



THAR! I'VE KNIPPED THE TALLYGRAPH WIRE! NOW NO TALLYGRAPH MESSAGES WILL GO THROUGH ABOUT OUR HOLDUPS!







FOUR HOURS LATER, LITTLE TIPPI RYAN, GABBY'S WARD, WANDERS AROUND THE DESERTED HOWSEY RANCH, AND MAKES A DISCOVERY...



GOLLY! GABBY IS TRAPPED IN BLIND CANYON, AND HE NEEDS SHERIFF SLIM DANGLE PRONTO!

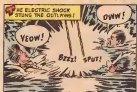






GABBY HAYES WESTERN





# YOUNG FALCON

in the  
**Death  
Trap!**

"I'M STOPPING HERE FOR THE DAY, YOUNG FALCON! I'M TOO DISCOURAGED TO GO ON. EVERYONE OF MUM TRAPS HAS BEEN RAIDED... ALL MUM FURS STOLEN."

"I'M SORRY EVIL ONES HAVE STOLEN THE FRUITS OF YOUR LABOR, TRAPPER BILL. HAS ANYONE ELSE SUFFERED LOSSES?"

**Y**OUNG FALCON, SON OF CHIEF TELLEBATHER, WHO WAS MASSACRED WITH HIS TIEB, HAS BECOME A LONE HUNTER OF THE WOODS AND HILLS! HIS DEEDS OF BRAVERY HAVE WON HIM THE LOVE AND ADMIRATION OF BOTH WHITE MEN AND INDIANS! ON THE FRINGE OF THE FORESTS WE FIND YOUNG FALCON WITH AN OLD TRAPPER!

"YES! THE THIEVES HAVE BEEN BUFFING EVERYBODY'S TRAPS. YOU KNOW WHAT, I LAY MUM TRAPS, YOUNG FALCON! IF YOU SEE THE MARKS AT THEM, TELL THEM TO GET!"

"FEAR NOT, MY FRIEND. IF I SEE THE EVIL ONES AT YOUR TRAPS, I WILL TEACH THEM A LESSON THEY WILL LONG REMEMBER. GOODBYE, TRAPPER BILL, I GO INTO THE FORESTS TO HUNT SOME GAME!"

ENTER, AS YOUNG FALCON SOFTLY TREADS THRU THE WOODS:

THAT IS ONE OF TRAPPER BILL'S TRAPS, AND THERE ARE THE THIEVES HELPING THEMSELVES TO THE MEANS OF LIVELIHOOD OF AN HONEST MAN!

THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT TRAP. NOW FOR THE NEXT ONE! THIS IS MUCH BETTER! DOING THE TRAPPING OURSELVES! --- HAW - HAW - HAW!



BUT, SMART AND STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW, YOUNG FALCON SPRINGS

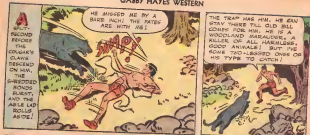


GABBY HAYES WESTERN









**COMIX CARDS**  
appear every  
month in

*Gabby Hayes*  
Western

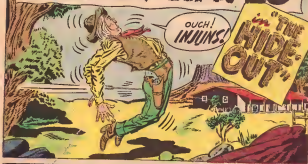
FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF  
**NYOKA**  
IN  
MASTER COMICS  
AND  
**NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL**  
EVERY MONTH!

ONLY 50¢ AT YOUR LOCAL  
NEWSSTAND!

Our standard size and price are confirmed



# GABBY HAYES



COWBOY! I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE THIS SITTING DOWN -- THAT IS, EVEN IF I COULD GET DOWN NOW!



WHEN I GET THROUGH PUMPING THEM RENEGADES FULL OF LEAD, THEY'LL KNOW BETTER THAN TO START UP WITH GABBY HAYES, THE TERROR OF RANGERS!



WHY IT'S ONLY TIPPY AND A BUNCH OF HIS FRIENDS!



YUH KIDS WANT TO BE MORE CAREFUL! WHAT YUH SHOOT THEM THEIR ARROWS!



GOSH, GABBY, WE'RE SORRY! WE DIDN'T KNOW ANYONE WAS BEHIND THE BUSHES! WE WERE ONLY SHOOTING THE ARROWS TO GIVE US A REST WHILE WE WERE BUILDING THAT SHACK!!



YUH KIDS ALL GOT HORSES, WHAT DO YUH NEED THAT SHACK FOR?

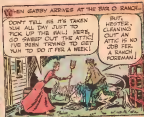


WE'RE GOING TO USE IT FOR A CLUBHOUSE! IT'LL BE A GOOD PLACE TO HOLD PARTIES IN THE EVENINGS!





# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY HAYES WESTERN







THAT! THAT'LL SHOW  
GABBY HAYES! COME  
ON, LET'S GO HOME!

GABBY SURVIVES THE CRASH!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT  
MADE THE CEILING COLLAPSE,  
BUT IT SAVED MY LIFE!



I DECIDED I'D BETTER  
TIE THESE VANDALTS  
UP AND DELIVER  
THEM TO THE SHERIFF  
BEFORE THEY COME TO!



A FEW DAYS LATER ---

IT SEEMS WAS  
NICE OF GABBY  
TO BUILD A  
CLUBHOUSE FOR  
US WITH THE  
REWARD MONEY  
HE GOT FOR  
CAPTURING THOSE  
BRAGGARTS!

I TOLD YOU  
THERE WAS  
NO BETTER  
GUY IN THE  
WHOLE WORLD  
THAN GABBY  
HAYES!

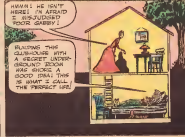


GABBY DOESN'T FOOL ME ANY!  
HE JUST BUILT THIS CLUBHOUSE  
SO HE COULD HAVE A PLACE  
TO HIDE OUT! BUT HE'S NOT  
GOING TO SIT AWAY WITH IT!



HMM! HE ISN'T  
HERE! (IN AFRAID  
I MISJUDGED  
POOR GABBY!)

BUILDING THIS  
CLUBHOUSE WITH  
A SECRET UNDER-  
GROUND ROOM  
WAS SURE A  
GOOD IDEA! THIS  
IS WHAT I CALL  
THE PERFECT HIDE!



# PAYDIRT SURPRISE

A BUCK DESMOND Adventure

By Dick Krans



**S**LOWLY, Buck Desmond rode over the prairie rise. As he topped the hill, he reined in his horse and rested easily in the saddle for a moment. Behind him, his long-eared pack mule began to crop grass.

The scene before Buck was just about the way he remembered it. Things out on the prairie didn't change much in five years. There was the old mine shaft, shadowy and mysterious. Past it, under the shade of a broad-limbed cottonwood, was a rickety shack. The door was hanging from its hinges, and the windows were gaping holes . . . but it still could be lived in.

"Let's take a look at the mine," Buck murmured.

His knees urged the bay forward. "We've got to get to work, and there's no time for starting like right now!"

JUST A FEW DAYS before, Buck had waved goodbye at the railroad station to Tumbleweed Tyler, the orphan boy he'd adopted. Tumbleweed was going back East to school. But as he watched the train grow smaller in the distance, Buck had realized that he had a problem on his hands.

Tumbleweed's school tuition fees would have to be paid, and Buck had already used up all his scanty savings. How could he raise the money now?

It was then that the rambling cowboy remembered the old Paydirt silver mine. Years before, while roaming through the prairie-lands, Buck had come upon a deserted silver mine—the Paydirt. It was gloomy, gutted, and fallen in. Evidently there wasn't a fleabite's worth of silver in it. But Buck had, just out of curiosity, shored up the tumbling shaft walls, and gone to work in the old mine. He'd struck a surprise vein, too, with a better than average yield.

But Buck wasn't one to stay put long! He'd worked the mine for a few weeks, then pulled stakes and moved on.

Now, needing money for Tumbleweed, Buck thought of the Paydirt and decided to take a crack at it again. Loading a mule with supplies, he'd moved out of town. After three days of riding, he'd reached the deserted shaft.

**"D**ESERTED?" Buck tensed in the saddle, and his eyes squinted. "Not exactly! Looks as if someone has the same idea I had."

For as he rode forward quietly, a denuded figure had clambered up out of the old shaft. He was heavily-tanned, and wore a week's growth of beard.

"Hello there, stranger," Buck called.

At the rambling cowboy's voice, the man whirled suddenly. His hand moved swiftly toward the six-gun that hung at his hip. Then, seeing that Buck was alone, his hand dropped.

Slowly he came close, taking in Buck's pack mule, and the mining equipment loaded on the animal's back.

"Planning to do a little mining—here?" the man asked.

Buck nodded. "That's right. I worked it a few years ago, and, far's I know, nobody's put a claim on it. How about you? Doing the same?"

The stranger nodded. "Er—yeh! Haven't really got started yet. My name's Bradley, by the way, Mister."

Buck dismounted from the bay. It felt good to have his rangy legs on the ground. "And I'm Buck Desmond," he said. "Mind if I put my grab in the shack?"

Bradley shrugged. "Up to you! I'm not the boss here." He hesitated a moment, then gave his gun belt a hitch. "Reckon I'll be going down in the shaft again and take a look at a couple of the old closed-off veins." He turned away from Buck, and disappeared in the old mine opening.

**U**NLOADING the mule, Buck carried his equipment and food into the old shack. As he did so, he cast a puzzled look about. "Strange . . . mighty strange! Here Bradley says he's been planning to do some digging, but he hasn't got dynamite or fuses, or even a pick or shovel. And he was mighty lorry when I called to him. I wonder . . ."

His brow wrinkled, Buck lifted the bags of flour and dried fruit out of the sack he'd had them in. They'd been wrapped in a wrinkled old newspaper. Buck started to fling the paper away. Then, suddenly, he stopped!

"That headline!"

He flattened the paper out on the rough-planked table.

The headline said: "Bank Bandit Sought By posse!" The story below it began: "Milo Spence, well-known bank bandit, was being pursued by a ten-man posse today after an unsuccessful attempt to rob the Clayborn bank. Sheriff Will Grover of Clayborn stated that . . ."

The newspaper was ripped below that, so Buck could read no farther. But just below the headline, was a picture of the outlaw—and it was a picture of the stranger Buck had just found lurking in the mine!

"Milo Spence," Buck said slowly to himself. "So that's why he's hiding out here."

**"SHORE IS, Desmond!"** A harsh voice broke in on Buck. "And I don't aim to have anyone ruin my hideout, either!"

Buck whirled swiftly.

There, standing broad in the doorway, was Milo Spence. He grinned through stubbled lips. He held a Colt unwavering in his hand. "I wondered how long it'd take you to catch on, Mister," he husked. "Am' now that you have . . ."

He lifted the gun slowly. Buck realized that he was going to pull the trigger and shoot him down in cold blood.

Humping his shoulders, a prayer on his tightened lips, Buck lunged forward into a bull-like rush. He was a scant foot from the outlaw when Spence's gun went off. The flame seared past Buck's temple, almost blinding him, and the acrid powder smell bit at his nostrils.

Then he was upon Spence, his fists pumping hard into the man's mid-section. The powerfully-built outlaw gave way momentarily, trying to get room to use his gun. But Buck flailed out with his hand, smashing Spence across the wrist. The six-gun thudded to the ground.

As the cursing outlaw dove for his weapon, Buck flung himself upon his back. The two were gripped together for a moment, struggling in a bear-like hold.

Then, twisting savagely, Milo Spence broke away.

His eyes glittering, he gasped, "You asked for this, Desmond." Boots first, he launched himself through the air at the rambling cowboy. Buck tried desperately to dodge the attack, but the heavy-soled boots smashed into his chest, knocking him backward, into the crate of food he'd just unpacked.

Again Spence snarled, "This'll be the end!"

High into the air he bounded, to come down upon Buck with a bone-crushing, stamping attack. But at the last moment, Buck, unable to twist away, felt something behind his head. It was a bag of flour, burst open by his fall. His hand desperately clutched the bag and he flung it into the air. At once, a white, dense, cloud seemed to explode!

The outlaw came down, but, blinded by the flour, he missed Buck!

And now Buck, springing up from the floor, waded into his enemy, both fists working like pistons.

The rambling cowhand would not be denied. The blood was pounding in his temples—pounding with fury—and the muscles of his back andiceps were like white-hot metal, as he hammered savagely at the outlaw.

Finally, Milo Spence slumped to the floor. He was through.

"Nice going, Buck!"

For the second time that day, a voice spoke from the doorway. Buck turned. This time, instead of an outlaw, he saw Sheriff Grover of Clayborn standing framed in the doorway with the men of the posse behind him.

Buck wiped away the blood that was beginning to trickle down his jaw.

"Thanks, Sheriff," he said. He pointed at Spence. "I reckon this is what you're after. Saw a notice in the Clayborn paper about him. Then he jumped me. So we had it out!"

Sheriff Grover grinned. "I'll say you did! But tell me, Buck, what were you doing here?"

"I was planning to work a vein I'd discovered years ago in the old mine. Needed money for my boy's schooling," Buck slowly rubbed his knuckles. They were sore, and beginning to swell visibly. "But after working out on Spence, I don't know how soon I'll be able to go to work in the mine. Don't reckon I'll be able to handle a shovel for weeks!"

The sheriff beamed.

"Buck," he said, "I reckon you didn't read that whole newspaper story or you wouldn't be worrying. It went on to say that the town and bank are offering a sizable reward for Spence—five hundred dollars, in fact!

"There's your schooling for Tumbleweed . . . and then some!"

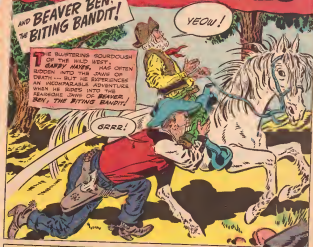
THE END

Follow **BUCK DESMOND** on the adventure trail in every issue of **GABBY HAYES WESTERN!**

# GABBY HAYES

AND BEAVER BEN,  
THE BITING BANDIT!

**T**HE BLISTERING SCOURDOUGH  
OF THE WILD WEST,  
GABBY HAYES, HAS OFTEN  
RIDDEN INTO THE JAWNS OF  
DEATH... BUT HE EXPERIENCES  
AN INCOMPARABLE ADVENTURE  
WHEN HE RIDES INTO THE  
REAR-END JAWS OF BEAVER  
BEN, THE BITING BANDIT!















CORNER IS AN EAGLE FOR  
REVENGE AS IS GABBY.  
THE TALENTED HORSE SPEEDS  
ALONG AND SOON PICKS UP  
BRANDER, WING SCOUT!



MUSTERS ALL THE SPEED  
HE CAN COMMAND, CORNER  
OVERTAKES THE FLEEING BANDIT!

SURRENDER, YUH  
FLAPPY-EARED,  
TOWING-TOOTHED  
CATAMOUNT!  
I KNOW YUH STEAL  
HARRY'S GOLD NUGGET!

DO  
GOKK  
YORE  
FOOL  
HEAD!



I AIM TO HAUL YUH  
BACK TO TOWN! YUH  
GOTTA PROVE IM  
INNOCENT!



HEE! HEE! GOT YUH!  
I'LL HEAVE YUH PLUMB  
OFF YORE SADDLE!



HEW! HEW! ALL  
I GOTTA DO IS  
BITE THROUGH  
THE LARD!



TUGGING HARD AT THE ROPE,  
GABBY IS UNSHAKED WHEN  
THE ROPE IS REVERSED!



I'M FID UP WITH YORE  
TROUBLE-MAKING, GABBY!  
RECKON YUH NEED ONE  
MORE HOLE IN YORE HEAD!



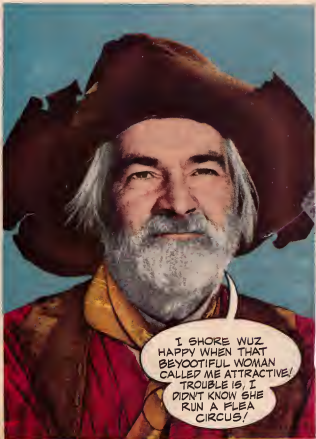
CORNER!  
DO SOMETHING  
QUICK!





# CHIEF GRAY MATTER





I SHORE WUZ  
HAPPY WHEN THAT  
BEYOOTIFUL WOMAN  
CALLED ME ATTRACTIVE!  
TROUBLE IS, I  
DIDNT KNOW SHE  
RUN A FLEA  
CIRCUS!